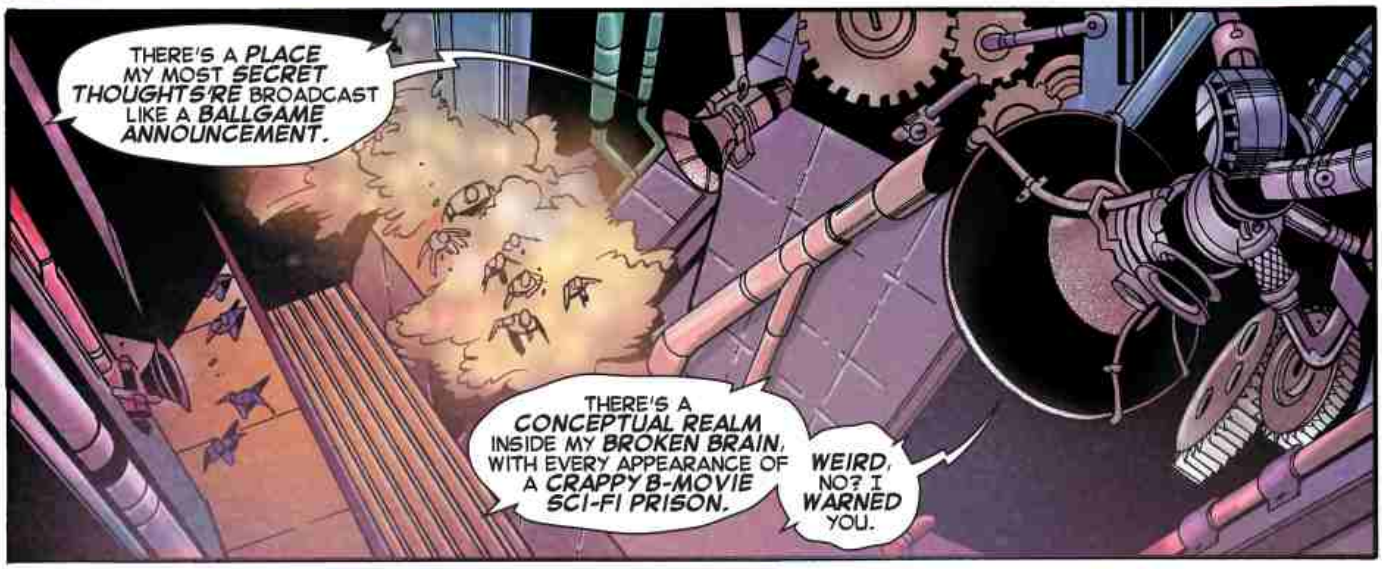
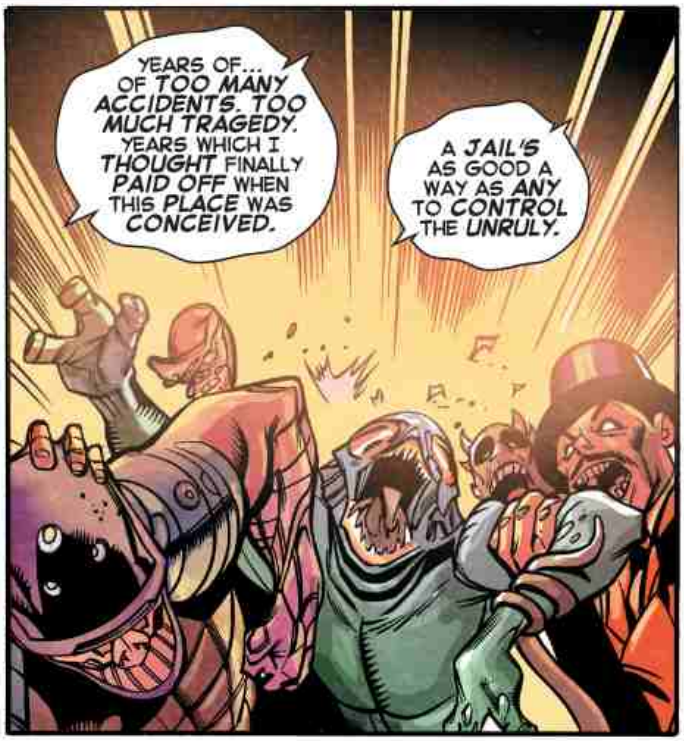
TWO

HERE'S A THING:
WHEN YOUR DAD'S THE PLANET'S FOREMOST PSYCHIC MINDBOTHERER, YOU GET A WEE BIT BLOODY USED TO THINGS BEIN' WEIRD. FOR INSTANCE:


THERE'S A PLACE MY MOST SECRET THOUGHTS'RE BROADCAST LIKE A BALLGAME ANNOUNCEMENT.
THERE'S A CONCEPTUAL REALM INSIDE MY BROKEN BRAIN, WITH EVERY APPEARANCE OF A CRAPPY B-MOVIE SCI-FI PRISON.
WEIRD, NO? I WARNED YOU.

SEE...MY MIND'S INFESTED BY A COUPLE HUNDRED INSANE EGOS, EACH WITH ITS OWN KILLCRAZY SUPER-POWER.
MY FATHER AND I SPENT YEARS TRYING TO KEEP THESE WEE BASTARDS AT BAY.


YEARS OF... OF TOO MANY ACCIDENTS. TOO MUCH TRAGEDY. YEARS WHICH I THOUGHT FINALLY PAID OFF WHEN THIS PLACE WAS CONCEIVED.
A JAIL'S AS GOOD A WAY AS ANY TO CONTROL THE UNRULY.

MY NAME'S DAVID HALLER. OUT IN THE REAL WORLD PEOPLE IN DAFT COSTUMES CALL ME LEGION. I WISH THEY BLOODY WOULDN'T.
MY FATHER'S DEAD. HE'S DEAD, AND I'M NOT ENTIRELY READY TO THINK ABOUT THAT, EXCEPT THAT THE SHOCKWAVE OF IT APPEARS TO'VE BUGGERED EVERYTHING UP.
SO... THIS WHOLE "PRISON-FOR-A-BRAIN" IDEA?

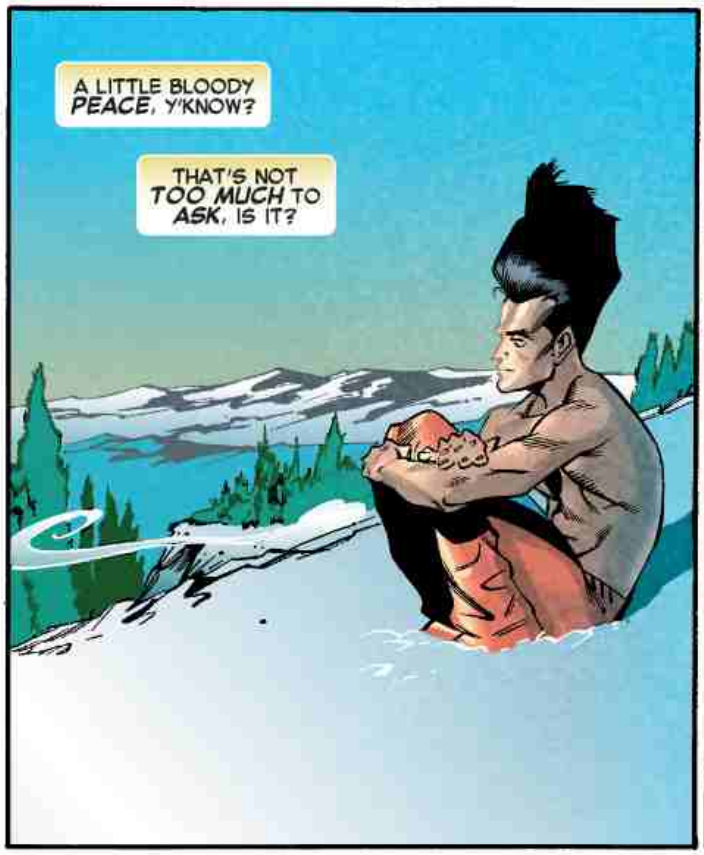
--I'M A WEE BIT CONCERNED IT'S NOT WORKING OUT.
HE'S MINE!
FIND YOUR OWN!
AAAAA!
HHHHANDS OFF!

PROBLEM IS, TIME'S BASICALLY BORKED IN HERE.
LIKE...SAY THERE'S SOME BLOODY GREAT COSMIC OGRE WITH THE POWER OF PROTONIC CASCADE. WHATEVER THE BOLLOCKS THAT IS--
WHO YOU CALLIN' AN OGRE, SCUM?
--LET'S SAY HE GRABS ME AND BITES DEEP...
...WHO KNOWS, IN THAT MOMENT, HOW LONG TRULY PASSES?
(OUT THERE, I MEAN. IN ALL THE DAZE AND DAZZLE OF THE REAL.)
YESSS HAHAHAHA! I AM KIRBAX THE KRAKLAR! I GIRDLE THY PITIFUL PLANET!
IT RARELY LASTS, ANYWAY. MY DISEASE CREATED ALL THESE BEASTIES. DOESN'T MEAN THEY'VE ANY BLOODY RESPECT FOR EACH OTHER.
GET AWFFA THERE, FOOL! THIS HOSS'S MINE TA RIDE!
HOW LONG SINCE THE JAIL CELLS OPENED? DAYS? WEEKS? I JUST HOPE NOBODY GOT HURT ALONG THE WAY.
YEEEEE-HAAAWWW.
I S'POSE... I S'POSE I SHOULD FEEL A WEE BIT TOUCHED BY ALL THE ATTENTION.
I MEAN... I'VE NEVER FELT SO BLOODY WANTED IN MY LIFE.
MMMMMMINE!

IN THE END? IN THE END I'M JUST LUCKY.
A SECOND (OR AN HOUR-- WHO KNOWS?) OF OPPORTUNITY.

A MOMENT'S REPRIEVE.
KY!
A CHANCE TO RECUPERATE... TO REST...
GEDDIM BACK!

...TO COME TO MY SENSES.


A LITTLE BLOODY PEACE, Y'KNOW?
THAT'S NOT TOO MUCH TO ASK, IS IT?

BRAKKA
BRAKKA
BRAKKA

THEY'RE NORMALIZERS, JUST SO'S YA KNOW. PEOPLE'S LIBERATION EQUALITY-OPS.
WH... WH-
MITOCHONDRIAL ENHANCEMENT. BIT A' MACROTECH.

WH-WHO'S TALKIN'?
WAIT-- "PEOPLE'S LIBERATION..."? I'M IN CHINA?
SURE. "ALL MEN'RE EQUAL," RIGHT? THE REDS'RE KINDA TETCHY 'BOUT UNREGISTERED SUPERTYPES.
'SPECIALLY ONES WHO SHOOT UP BORDER STATIONS FOR FUN.

WHERE ARE YOU? SHOW YOURS--
AAAAAAAAA!
I MEAN, I GUESS Y'CAN'T BLAME 'EM.
IMAGINE A BUNCHA GODFORSAKEN GENEFREAKS-- BEGGIN' YER PARDON, HEH--RUNNIN' 'BOUT WILLY-NILLY...

SOMEBODY'S GOTTA KEEP AN EYE ON YOU PEOPLE.

THEN AGAIN, RICE-GOBBLIN' BASTARDS AIN'T GOT IT ALL RIGHT.
I HEARD YOU'RE ONLY ALLOWED A SINGLE KID PER COUPLE, HERE. IMAGINE THAT.
WHOLE NATION PACKED FULLA SPOILT, WHININ', SELF-ENTITLED ONLY-CHILD BRATS LIKE YOU?
SCHLUP PLUP BLORB
HORRIFIC.

HEH. THE LOOK ON YOUR FACE. LET'S GO.
THOUGHT YOU WAS S'POSED TO BE DANGEROUS ANYHOW? NOT SOME STAMMERIN' LITTLE PUNK WITH #$&%@ HAIR AN' A HAGGIS-HUMPER ACCENT.
A-AYE. WELL.
EVIDENTLY I'M CHATTING TO A XENOPHOBIC TINY-MINDED NUMPTY MADE OF EYEBALLS WHILE BEING SHOT AT BY ACTUAL REAL-LIFE %#$&@# BULLETS, SO YOU'LL FORGIVE ME BEIN' JUST A TAD BLOODY DRAMATIC.
WHO!
ARE!
YOU?!
HEH. Y'MEAN LIKE A NAME? HAD ONE A' THEM, ONCE.
'SCUSE ME A SECOND.
FLK
HUH. THEY'RE COMIN' AGAIN. CAN YOU FIGHT?
I...
FIGURES. LUCKY FOR YOU I DI'N'T COME ALL THIS WAY TA SEE YA PINK-MISTED BY A BUNCHA WANNABE-GUYVER PANDA-LOVERS.
YOU GOT A JOB TO DO, DAVID HALLER. I INTEND TO SEE YOU DO IT.
WE GO DOWN.

BLIMEY.

WHAT THE FABULOUS FLAMIN' %@$# 'APPENED 'ERE, THEN?
LANGUAGE, JONO.
YEAH. LUNATIC #$@!%-TALKIN' YOUNGSTERS PRESENT.
SPEAKING OF WHICH: ANY INSIGHTS, RUTH?
IT'S... SORRY. NO, THANK YOU, IT'S. STILL MUDDLED.
THANKS. EVERYTHING'S CHANGING.

A-ALL THE PATHS ARE BROKEN. SHIFTING.
LIKE-- PLEASE, THANK YOU, NO--LIKE RED-LACE SCARS ON TIME.
I DON'T THINK THE FUTURE KNOWS WHAT IT WANTS TO BE YET. AND HE'S.
HE'S SO SCARED.
"HE...?"

PROSECUTION RETURNS TO EXHIBITS A AN' B, YERONNA.
AHRUM
FRENCH MOUNTAINEERS 'ALFWAY UP EVEREST GET BUZZED BY A TOSSER WITH--AN' I QUOTE-- "SPIKY 'AIR LIKE ZEE LEETTLE TROLL TOY."
BORDER CAMP IN TIBET GETS KNOCKED OFF BY A SEMI-NAKED ERASERHEAD LOOKALIKE SCREAMIN' 'BOUT INJUNS.
DON'T THINK ANYONE'S GOT TO SPELL IT OUT, 'AVE THEY?
IT'S LEGION.
...I STAND CORRECTED...
RECOGNIZE TH' SCENT. HE DID THIS.
MEANS WE GOT A MAJOR PROBLEM.
...I CONCUR. THAT THE POOR LAD DOESN'T MEAN TO BE A REALITY-QUAKING LIABILITY DOESN'T PREVENT HIM BEING ONE, ALAS.
HE'S MADE NO ATTEMPT TO CONTACT THE SCHOOL...I THINK WE MUST ASSUME HE KNOWS ABOUT CHARLES'S DEATH.
ANY THOUGHTS ON FINDIN' HIM, MS. MAGOO?
N...NO. SORRY. THANK YOU.
HE'S--
AAAA. SORRY.
HE'S SO FRIGHTENED.
TH...THE FUTURE'S TRYING TO GRASP HIM, B-BUT...

"...ALL HE WANTS TO DO IS HIDE."
A MOMENT'S PEACE. NOT TOO MUCH TO ASK, IS IT?
NOT IN THE SAFETY OF YOUR OWN BLOODY BRAIN.
IN HERE--IN WHAT PASSES FOR MY SUBCONSCIOUS--IT'S ALL ABOUT CONTROL.
ONE OF THEM CATCHES ME, MY FLESH IS THEIRS. I DRAIN ONE OF THEM? I CAN USE THEIR ABILITIES.
SO THE QUESTION WORTH ASKING IS: DO I REALLY NEED SUPER-POWERS?
I MEAN: WHY FACE THOSE MONSTERS OUT THERE AT ALL, JUST FOR THE CHANCE TO...TO SPIT FIRE OR FART ACID OR WHATEVER?
LONG AS THEY CAN'T GET AT ME IN HERE, I CAN LEAD A NORMAL LIFE OUTSIDE.
OHHHH AYE... IT'S TRUE: FATHER WOULDN'T APPROVE.
"DENYING YOUR MUTANT HERITAGE," HE'D SAY. "REFUSING TO REALIZE YOUR POTENTIAL." "STANDIN' BY WHEN YOU COULD BE HELPING THE WORLD."
SSSSSS...
BUT THEN... HE'S GONE NOW.
HE'S GONE AND I'M SAFE HERE AND I DON'T EVER HAVE TO FEEL JUDGED AGAIN AND--
AND...
AND OH GOD...
DAD.
DAD, I MISS YOU.

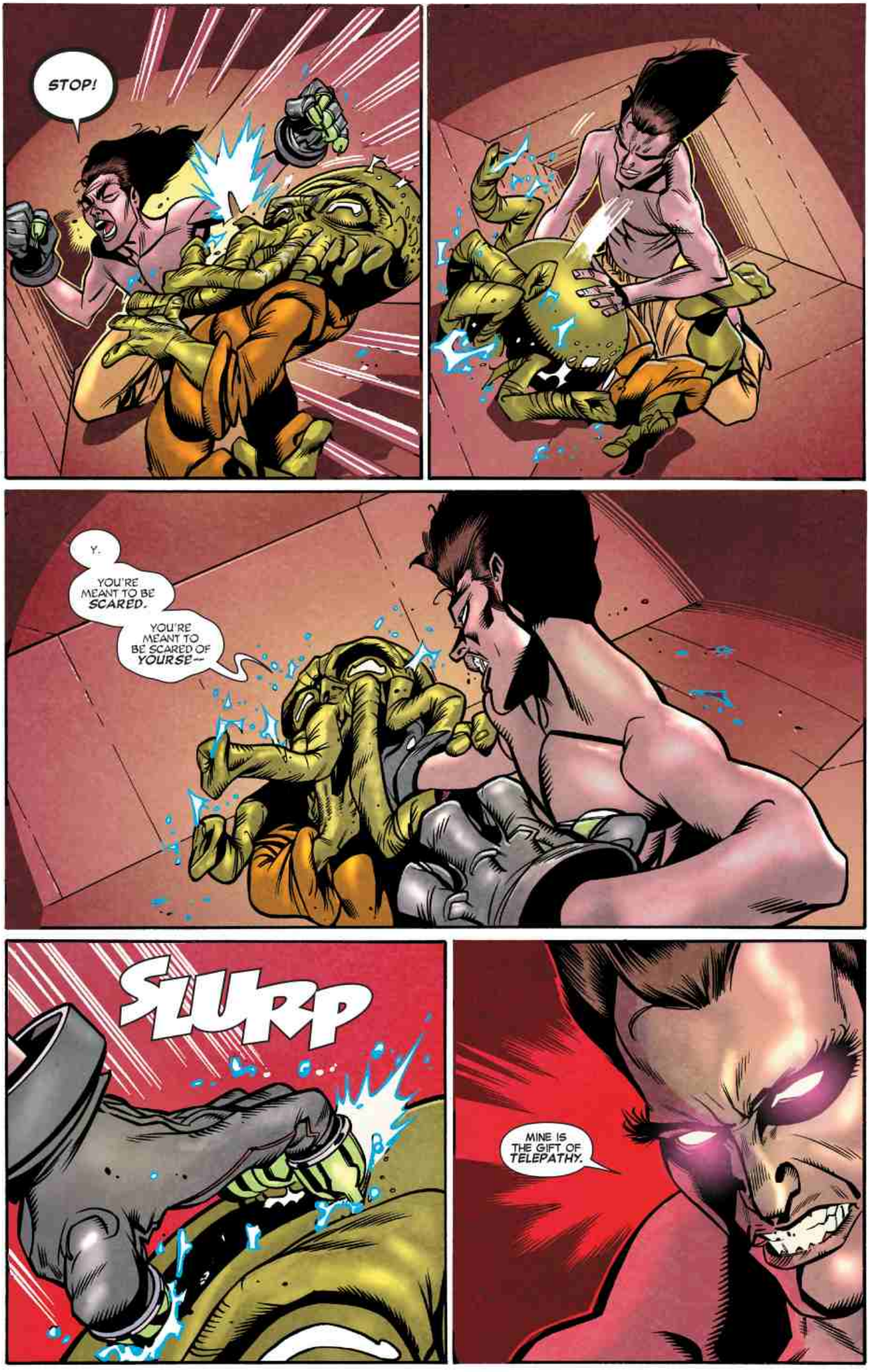
PIIIIITIFUL.
WH--
DID YOU REALLY THINK, LITTLE DAVEY SUCKATHUMB, YOU WERE THE ONLY ONE SMALL ENOUGH TO CRAWL HERE?
INTO THE CONDUITS OF YOUR CONFIDENCE, HEH.
I AM TYRRANIX THE ABOMINOID. BOY, AND MINE IS THE GIFT OF TELEPATHY.
I CAN HEAR YOUR THOUGHTS.
NONONONONO...
Y...YOU'RE A SIDESHOW FIGMENT CREATED BY MY SICK PSYCHE AND YOU CAN HEAR MY THOUGHTS 'COS THEY'RE BEING PIPED THROUGH THIS %##@&$#% LIKE A RUNNING-BLOODY-COMMENTARY!
LEAVE ME ALONE!
OH NO.
NO NO NO NO NO. NO, LITTLE MIND.
I WILL FIND YOU. I WILL SQUEEZE YOU.
I WILL TASTE YOUR SOUL, AND THEN...

"THEN I WILL BECOME YOU."
W...WHY'RE YOU HELPING ME?
HAW. IT AIN'T YOU, FOOL. YOU THINK I'D WILLINGLY SAVE A GENEQUEER JUST BECAUSE? NUH-UH.
IT'S WHAT YOU'LL ONE DAY BE. WHAT YOU GAWN DO.
LET'S GO.
LOOKIT: RIGHT NOW YOU'RE LIKE A... HA...AN ICICLE. STUCK IN PLACE. USELESS.
BUT SAY SOMEONE TAPPED YA JUST RIGHT? MADE YA FALL AT A CERTAIN TIME...
SAY YOU SCARE-UP A RAT WHEN YA HIT THE SNOW-- LITTLE SUCKER BOLTS OUT INTA THE OPEN...
SAY HE'S SEEN BY A BIG-ASS EAGLE HAPPENS TO BE PASSIN'--FLAPS-OFF TO HIS FAVORITE BRANCH TO CHOW DOWN--
--AN' CLEAN SNAPS IT OFF WITH THE EXTRA WEIGHT.
WH-WHAT'S YOUR POINT?
POINT IS, THAT'S WHAT I DO. I PERCEIVE THE ROUTES THINGS MIGHT TAKE AND TWEAK 'EM TO GET THE ONES I WANT.
THAT'S MY POWER, MUTIE. POWER I EARNED MAHSELF. I SEE #&$%.
不准! 我站在那儿!
C-CAN YOU SEE A WAY OUT OF THIS?
PFFT. DISAPPOINTIN', BOY.

YOU WEREN'T PAYIN' ATTENTION AT ALL.
SMULCH
AAAA!
GUESS I SHOULDN'T BE S'PRISED YA TURNED OUT SUCH A LETDOWN. INHERITED YOUR PA'S USELESS GENE 'SIDES THE X ONE, MOST LIKELY.
TELL ME: WOULDYA KILL, YA HAD TO?
NO. NEVER.
N-NOT DELIBERATELY, I MEAN.
IDIOT. THEY'RE GAWN MAKE MINCEMEATA YOU.
了. 你以被包了.
Y-YOU DON'T KNOW THAT...THEY MIGHT JUST ARREST ME AND--
NOT THESE #%&*@$, FOOL. YOU KNOW EXACTLY WHO I'M TALKIN' 'BOUT.
COMMMING FOR YYYYOOOOuuuu!

YES SIRREE-- SOONER OR LATER YOUR PA'S LITTLE BONDAGE-GEAR ARMY A' ANGST-RIDDEN ASSHATS GAWN CATCH YOU UP.
OHHH... Y-YOU MEAN THE-
安静! 在地上!
YOU'D BETTER PRAY YOU'RE STRONGER THEN 'N YOU ARE NOW.
THE X-MEN'RE MOLDED IN HIS IMAGE, BOY. YOUR DAD'S. CRUDE. INELEGANT. STOOPID.
下去 不然就!
YOU... J-JUST...JUST LEAVE OFF TALKIN' ABOUT MY FATHER, ALL RIGHT? AND THE X-MEN ARE GOOD PEOPLE WHO--
THEY'RE IDEALISTIC MORONS PRATTLIN' 'BOUT EQUALITY AN' TOLERANCE--AN' SIMILAR CRAP THEY DON'T UNDERSTAND-- WHILE DOING PRECISELY %&$#%@#% TO ACHIEVE IT.
YOUR PA WAS A FOOL.
STOP--
A PASSIVE, MEDIOCRE EXCUSE FOR A FIGUREHEAD AND A DAMN COWARD TO BOOT.
STOP SAYING THAT--
GONNA EAT YA, GONNA EAT YA, GONNA EAT YA...
STOP SAYING THAT STOP SAYING THAT STOP SAYING TH--
ASK YA THIS, MUTIE:
IS THE WORLD ANY BETTER FOR YOUR #%&@*$ SPECIES TODAY...THAN IT WAS WHEN YOUR PA STARTED OUT?

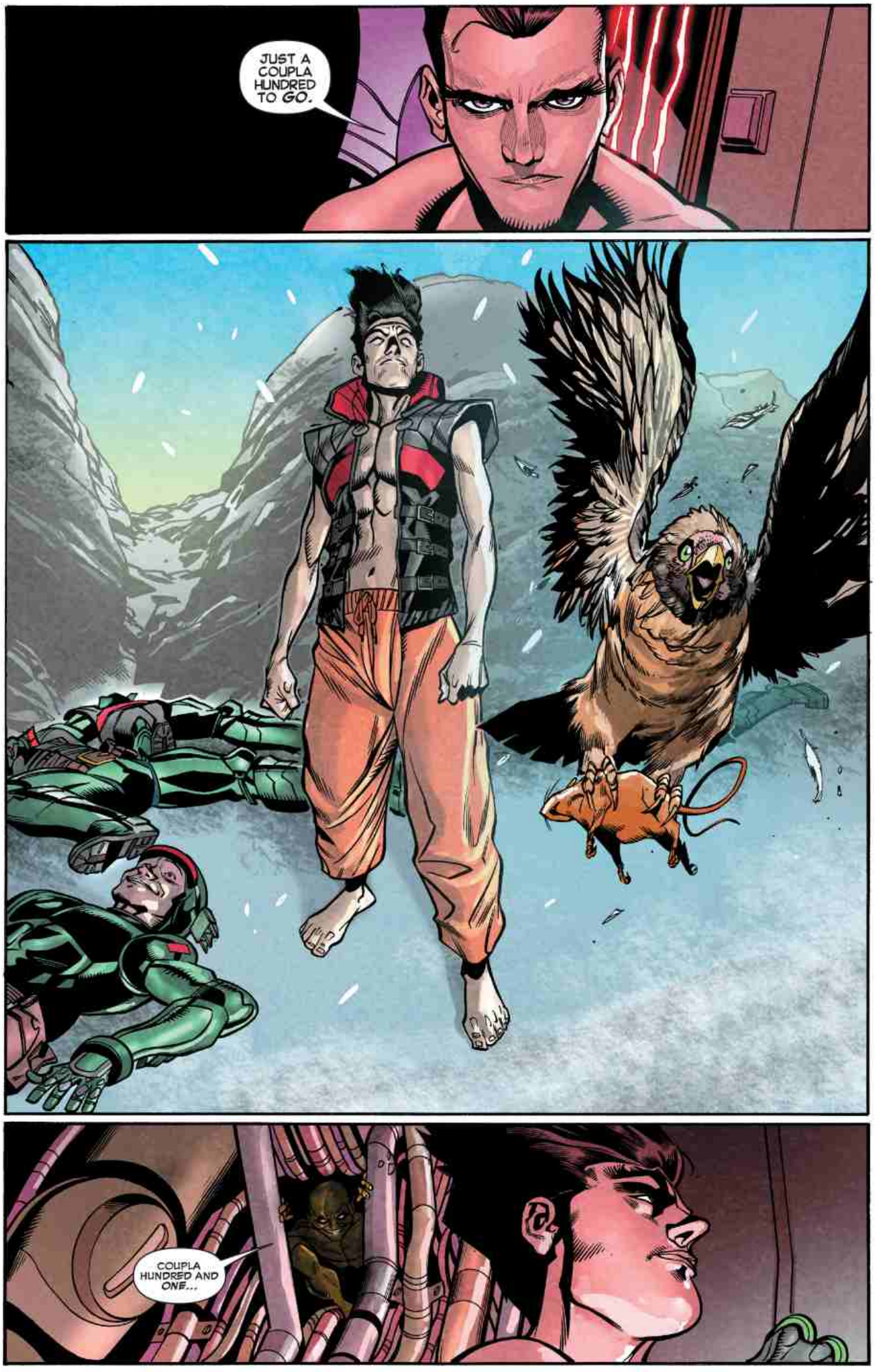
I...
ANYWAYS-- SCREW THIS. THESE CLOWNS GAWN BLOW YOU AWAY IN TWELVE-POINT-TWO SECONDS.
YOU WON'T KILL 'EM, I WILL.
准!
不准!
N-NO, WAIT--
FWUP
FWUP
MMMINE--
NNNO!
HA
HA
HA
HA
HA
STOP!
I--
SAID--


STOP!
Y.
YOU'RE MEANT TO BE SCARED.
YOU'RE MEANT TO BE SCARED OF YOURSE--
SLURP
MINE IS THE GIFT OF TELEPATHY.

UUUUUUUUUH!
CKL
UUUUUUUUUH!
WHAT...
WHAT JUST HAPPENED?
OVERLOAD. ROOTED ABOUT IN THEIR PLEASURE CENTERS. SET OFF EVERYTHING AT ONCE.
THEY'LL BE OUT AN HOUR OR SO. PROBABLY WAKE UP IN LOVE WITH ME.
@%#&
T-TIME I WAS LEAVI--
NOT.
SO.
FAST.

IT'S ONLY A FLASH. THE BUGGER'S GOT NO CONVENTIONAL BRAIN TO TASTE AND HE'S OFF LIKE A GREASED-UP WEASEL BEFORE I CAN DELVE TOO DEEP.
NO NAME. NO IDENTITY. JUST A SWIRL OF FRACTALS--AND HATE. BOUNDLESS HATE FOR ME, FOR DAD, FOR MUTANTS IN GENERAL...
MATTER OF FACT THE ONLY DETAILED THING I CAN PRIZE FROM THE STORM IS A CREEPY SCENE THAT BARELY MAKES SENSE:
NOTED BIOPHYSICIST CONFESSES MUTANISM
KIDDIES. A PAIR OF MUTANT KIDDIES. TWINS, I THINK. TOKYO, I THINK. TWINS KEPT IN FEAR AND PAIN.
WHAT THE HELL'RE THEY DOIN' IN THE MIND OF A DISEMBODIED REDNECK MONSTER?
BUT THEN HE'S GONE, AND I'M NO CLOSER TO KNOWIN' WHAT HE WANTED--
--AND ALL HE'S LEFT BEHIND IS DEATH AND FROST AND THE MEMORY OF THOSE BAIRNS.
AND...AND BECAUSE OF WHAT THE BASTARD SAID-- WINDIN' ME UP LIKE THAT--
--AND BECAUSE I WON'T HAVE HIM PROVED RIGHT--
THE QUESTION WORTH ASKIN'S CHANGED:
D-DAD.
WHAT WOULD DAD DO?

AND I THINK WE ALL BLOODY KNOW THE ANSWER TO THAT.
I WILL HELP THOSE CHILDREN.
UUUUU
"TYRRANIX THE ABOMINOID," EH? YOU GOT IT WRONG, Y'DAFT WEE PEST.
WWBBB
MINE IS THE GIFT OF TELEPATHY. MINE.
AND FROM NOW ON I'LL TAKE IT FROM YOU WHENEVER I BLOODY WANT.
HHH.
RIGHT. WELL.
THAT'S ONE POWER SORTED.


JUST A COUPLA HUNDRED TO GO.
COUPLA HUNDRED AND ONE...